

This Love This Life

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This Love This Life

by [oneblacksheep](#)

Summary

Hannibal wants to be a sweet boyfriend. Puppies and cuddles and fluff. Smut, in later chapters. Hannibal is still Cannibal and Will doesn't care

Hannibal's gift to Will

Hannibal walked in their home, feeling the day roll off him as he shut the door. "Will?" He cautiously called; usually Will was in the living room, lounging on the couch, just waiting for Hannibal, but today, he was nowhere to be seen, though his car was in their yard. "William?" He called once more. He heard something like a low sigh, just enough to acknowledge that there was life somewhere in the house. Hannibal went to their bedroom where the sound came from. There on their large bed laid Will, sprawled out on his stomach, face buried in the pillows, his body gently rising and falling with his breathing. Hannibal took off his clothes save for his boxers and laid on the bed beside Will.

Poor Will, Jack called him in today again. Hannibal hated when he had to look at any other work than his own. When Will knew if Hannibal had made the kill, things...didn't seem to matter, really. He knew Hannibal had reason, and he accepted Hannibal for it. But this new killer, he was really getting to Will. Hannibal hated seeing Will so upset all the time. "My precious boy." the older man gently cooed, rolling Will over on his back with his hand. Will was awake, but his eyes were dim. The younger man stared at his lover, a look on his face somewhere between awe for his Hannibal and sick from the crime scenes. Hannibal pulled Will into his chest, letting the younger man snake up next to him. Their bodies fit together perfectly, Will would stroke the light smattering of hair, Hannibal would pet Will's tired head, it was paradise. But tonight Will simply draped his arm across Hannibal's side in an attempt to hold on, as if Hannibal might slip away if he didn't. The older man dipped his nose to his lover's curls and inhaled deeply.

"Did you have a long day sweetheart?" Hannibal asked thoughtfully though he already knew the answer. Will only nodded into Hannibal's chest. "Anything I can do to make it better?" Will shook his head into his chest this time, his hair softly brushing under Hannibal's chin. Hannibal hid a smile from his lips as he thought of what might make his love feel better. Hannibal wrapped Will tightly into his arms and held him close, bringing the covers over them both, tucking Will into him. "It's okay my dear, tomorrow I promise you'll feel better." He gently murmured to Will's relaxing frame. He felt the younger sigh contentedly against him, a mix of doubt and hope. No doubt was necessary in Hannibal's mind. He knew what would melt Will's sweet little heart, and bring him back to his happier self (around Hannibal only however).

!~!*!~!

"Will, wake up love." Hannibal whispered in the young man's ear. The sun wasn't even up yet. Will gently stirred against him. Large grey, watery from sleep, blue eyes peeked up off of his chest. Hannibal always smiled at the sight of his sweet Will waking up. Hannibal leaned down and kissed Will's nose, "Come on dear, I have a surprise for you." he kissed Will's nose again before getting up from bed. He knew Will would still be tired, that's why he woke him up so early on a Saturday morning, so he would be too tired to ask questions. Hannibal briskly got dressed, silently chuckling at Will's sluggish dressing. He was surprised the younger even remembered an undershirt at such an early time. The older man tried to get Will to eat breakfast, but he knew he would refuse so early.

Hannibal was slightly glad, so they could go ahead and go. He would be sure to make Will a big lunch today.

!~!*!~!

Will was awoken tiredly again, but this time in Hannibal's car. "Hannibal where are w-" Will's mouth immediately snapped shut. Any traces of exhaustion slipped from his eyes. Did Hannibal really...no no, surely they were at the wrong place. "Hannibal why are we at the Dog House?" The Dog House was a shelter for abused or abandoned dogs. Hannibal tried in the beginning of their relationship to minimize the amount of dogs Will picked up, so it may of seemed strange to the younger man that Hannibal had brought him here. Here. Of all places, this is the last Will expected. "Find one William, anyone you want." Hannibal smiled at his now beaming lover. Will leaned over and gave Hannibal a light but lingering kiss on his mouth before dashing out of the car to the entrance. Hannibal sighed but chuckled as he began to get out. He really would do anything to make Will happy. Anything.

Hannibal saw only flashes of plaid running around the building, Will running everywhere, looking at each dog and telling them things as if they knew what he was saying. He pat each one he saw and Hannibal briefly pondered the nightmare of Will asking for all of them...a nightmare because Hannibal knew he would say yes. But Will wasn't as careless with his selection as Hannibal might have thought. Will knew Hannibal wasn't exactly fond of animals, so he tried his hardest to look for the perfect one.

There.

There it was.

He was a puppy.

A puppy that looked like a little lion.

Hannibal knew it was the one by the fondness in Will's eyes. Then Hannibal read the information and began to worry. A Mastiff. A Tibetan Mastiff. Did Will know how big these creatures got? It was already sizable, though just a puppy, in Will's arms when he picked it up. But Hannibal knew. He knew this was the one. He resigned his indifferences about the choice and walked up behind Will. "Found one?" He tried to sound casual. Any feelings of uneasiness Hannibal had about this little lion was banished at the sight of Will's face when he turned to the older man. His eyes were bright, shining almost, his face held an adoring smile, his arms clutched the large multi-colored pup tightly. "Please Hanni?" Will asked, looking much like a puppy himself. Hannibal couldn't help but break into a smile. "Of course my sweetheart, of course."

!~!*!~!

Will spent nearly all day outside playing with the animal. He decided on naming the puppy Lion, which was fitting. Hannibal disapproved of Will's skipping lunch to play and train with the pup, but he let him be, for today at least. He couldn't have his Will skipping meals. Hannibal tried to let Will do what he wanted all day, but it was now completely dark and he was still outside. Hannibal made it to the back door just as Will stumbled in with Lion. Will's

soft white skin was a burning red from all the playing, his nose was adorably lit, too. "Oh Will." Hannibal half sighed half laughed. Will fell into the man's embrace of warmth while Lion curiously sniffed around. "He can stay in the house tonight." Hannibal spoke into the shell of Will's ear. The younger man pulled back, shocked, but happy. "Thank you Hanni thank you thank you thank you!" He all but screamed as he scrambled to grab Lion and make him up a bed in the living room. Hannibal was grateful the pup was tired and slept nearly immediately as Will fixed water and food in silver bowls for his new pet. As Will stood up, he heard Hannibal deliciously purr, "Mr. Graham"...

Dinner

Chapter Summary

Will hasn't eaten all day, that simply won't do.

Chapter Notes

oh w0w guys thanks for the feedback! you're all lovely and wonderful <3

..."Mr. Graham..."

Will gulped as he stood up. That wonderful velvet voice Hannibal produced always drove him crazy. He finished situating Lion's bowls and walked over to Hannibal standing in the kitchen doorway. "Yes Hannibal?" Will asked, almost cautious like Hannibal was about to tear him apart.

The purr in the older man's voice quieted, but still remained. "You haven't eaten all day dear." Will let out a breath he was holding. "I'm not really hungry." The younger man replied flatly. That was a lie. Unless they stuck to a routine everyday, Will wouldn't eat. Hannibal knew he had bad eating habits, but when they started their relationship he learned the full extent. He had made sure Will ate about the same times everyday, to train Will's metabolism to get used to the food, but sometimes, days like this, Will would say he wasn't hungry because of the break in routine.

Hannibal only smiled as he stepped closer to Will, still both in the doorway, "What if we have a cheat dinner love?" Will glanced up at Hannibal through dark eye lashes, a smile threatening to crack on his face. "Dessert for dinner?" Their was mischievous hope in Will's soft voice. Hannibal let out a low chuckle, "Mhm. Will you eat then my darling?" "Of course!" Will nearly yelled. Will loved Hannibal's desserts, and since it wasn't an actual meal, it didn't make Will's stomach feel conflicted. Hannibal leaned down and gave Will a teasing kiss on his lips, still slightly cold from being outside, then the older man got to work. "Why don't you go get a shower, I should be done by the time you're out." Hannibal ordered. Will came up behind him and hugged his waist, "Okay Hanni." then the boy skipped off to their bathroom. Hannibal could only chuckle at Will's innocence. Tonight he vowed to challenge that innocence.

!~!*!~!

Will began to dress, let his nostrils fill with the scents coming from downstairs. He smirked at the knowledge that soon Lion would be old enough to wake up when he smelled things, oh boy, Hannibal is going to have a hard time, he thought. Mmm. Hannibal. Hannibal Hannibal. Will liked how the name sounded, he liked-no, he loved the man. How could he be so perfect? And why would he choose someone like him, with his wild hair and less than dapper appearance. But then he smiled. Hannibal showed him everyday that he loved him, today being an excellent example. The young man smiled as he slipped on the silk pajamas Hannibal insisted on getting him, forgoing putting on his boxers. He decided to surprise Hannibal. He also omitted his shirt, deciding on trying to whet Hannibal's appetite...for things other than food. Will smiled that mischievous little smile as he tromped down the stairs.

Mixed in with the warm smell of chocolate and the crisp smells of pomegranate Will's scent drifted to Hannibal's nose. "You're just in time Will, I-" Hannibal stopped talking as he turned around to see Will dressed in only pajama bottoms, the older man could tell Will wasn't wearing any underwear, the way the slightest traces of water clung to the silk around his groin. Hannibal's head tilted slightly to the side, an evil smirk on his Scandinavian features. "Why Mr. Graham, feeling naughty tonight hm?" Will blushed at the deep voice exuding from his lover. Hannibal tucked the smirk away, deciding to make Will pay for being such a tease. The older man set the table with many trays of different sweets and fruits. He usually seated Will first, then took his seat, but this time he simply sat at his usual spot, but left room between the table and his chair, just enough room for "Come Will, let me feed you. Sit in my lap." Will shivered, suddenly becoming rigid from either the cold or arousal he was feeling as he walked toward Hannibal.

Teasing the Tease

Chapter Summary

aaaand let the dinner begin

oh and smut oops

Chapter Notes

oh hai guys, my updating will be weird but I'll try at least a chapter every week, though sometimes it might even be a chapter a day, just depending on time :) thanks again to all you beautiful people reading, commenting and kudos-ing

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will would have been uncomfortable with this in the beginning of their relationship, but he's grown to accept and enjoy Hannibal's games and invitations.

But he still had to take a steady breath as he sat on his lover's legs.

Hannibal kissed his lips, gently nipping his bottom lip as he so often did. Will felt the older man reach onto the table, picking up a plate and setting it close to them. "Open please." Hannibal said, with no room for objection. Will slowly opened his mouth, forming a lovely picture for Hannibal, causing a stir in his own pants. Hannibal placed a fig in Will's mouth, letting his fingers slide along Will's lower lip before pulling away to let the younger eat. But Will didn't eat automatically. Hannibal leaned back to watch him, but the younger man only leaned in closer to him, half biting the fig, indicating he wanted Hannibal to bite the other half. The older smirked at the playfulness of his lover. Hannibal complied anyway. He leaned in to take the offered portion, connecting their lips as the both chewed their pieces, keeping their lips warmly placed together. Once they had both swallowed their fruit, their mouths opened, letting their tongues connect with the still sweet juices covering their mouths.

Will broke apart the kiss, eager to do it again, but as he reached behind him to get something else Hannibal gently laid his hand on his pajamas where the fabric was tented against his hardness. Will blushed but continued to grab for a pomegranate, turning back around to see Hannibal with his tilted head staring at him. Will handed him the opened fruit to bite, Hannibal did. Something was graceful about Hannibal eating. Will didn't know why it turned him on so much to see his lover burst open the beads, letting their sweet tartness gently splatter across his lips. Will leaned in and licked stripes across Hannibal's face, clearing away

the juice. He felt Hannibal getting something on the table but was too busy licking his lover's lips to really pay attention. Suddenly a warm flowing sensation came across Will's chest, trickling down his nipples, and slowing just at his waist line. Hannibal had poured chocolate on his boy, and he intended on cleaning him of it, too.

Will could only shiver as Hannibal's tongue lapped at the pool of sweetness on his collar bone, then further down his chest. Hannibal felt a moaning vibration emit from Will's chest when he reached the sensitive skin around his nipple. Will was very sensitive. Maybe even hyper sensitive sometimes, and now was no exception. He was practically writhing on Hannibal's leg just from the ghosting kisses placed around the area. When Hannibal began to nibble and lick at Will's nipple it was almost too much, he moaned loudly, shamelessly as Hannibal moved to the next, cleaning his chest of the chocolate and giving him tingling pleasure. All the while Hannibal's hand moved slowly over Will's crotch, sending the young man into overdrive. "Hannibal...please" He let out in a breathy moan. Suddenly Hannibal's hands stopped, and he pulled back from Will's reddening chest. "What was that?" The older man asked with such devious innocence Will wanted to slap it off his face. The poor younger man couldn't help himself, he began rutting himself on Hannibal's leg, trying to relieve the building pressure in his groin. "Ah ah ah, not at the table Mr. Graham." Hannibal said patronizingly, a dark smirk in his eyes. If Hannibal had any less self control he would have gave in to the look Will gave him and bent him over on the table right then and there. But Hannibal has had his patience practiced on all his life. He was determined to make Will beg.

Will stopped, desperately still seeking friction however, "But, but Hannibal why?" and that, that was just too much. But Hannibal remained calm. "Your punishment my love." "But for what?" Will pouted in a desperate lust haze. Hannibal let out a low chuckle. "For dressing in such a manner at my dinner table."

Will's eyes narrowed.

"But you like it." The younger man challenged. "Do I?" Asked Hannibal in the same tone, they both knew he did, but he couldn't let Will win that easy. And Will wasn't going to let Hannibal win so easily either.

Suddenly Will unmounted off of Hannibal's leg, with a bit of resentment on his part, for the bulging in his pajamas, and stood up. The older man gazed at him curiously. "Well, I guess if you don't like it all that much I could change." Will said in a threatening manner. Hannibal almost began to protest until Will began to pull his silk bottoms down and off. Hannibal rarely let his mouth hang open. But now he did, yet he managed to make it look as elegant as ever. Hannibal could only watch his lover act in such a way, afraid he might break the boy if he were to bend him over right now, with the desire burning inside of him.

Will languidly dipped a strawberry in the chocolate creation Hannibal had made, letting his lithe body bend in such a manner of Hannibal's table. "If just my dressing gets me punished I wonder what this does." Will purposely pondered allowed, as he leaned back against the table, making his body curve in the most lust inducing way possible. Earlier in their relationship Will would have been shocked at his behavior. But he and Hannibal had done plenty of interesting things already, and he liked riling up his lovely Hannibal.

Just as he closed his eyes to bite into the strawberry, the chocolate and juice running down his chin, he felt himself pinned against the table, a forced pressure against him, a large bulge against his thigh. All sounds had stopped. All vision except directly in front of him had stopped when he heard Hannibal growl. Something so primal and fierce, Will briefly let the idea float that Hannibal would devour him then and there, and then it seemed to happen, but in the best way possible. Deep but tender bites showered his neck and Hannibal grunted and moaned into him. Could this man become any more desirable? Yes. The older man nearly ripped off his waist coat, as Will, fumbling, tried to undo his shirt. Hannibal quickly ripped that off, too, though.

Will reached his hand down Hannibal's pants, undoing his belt and buttons and zipper on the way, and began stroking him through his underwear. Another deep, low, terrifyingly arousing growl was the response. Through clenched teeth Lecter growled, "Bedroom." it was not a question. Will scampered off to go up with Hannibal. The younger man's backside receiving many slaps and caresses.

The younger could barely get the door open before Hannibal picked him up and carefully threw him on the bed. "You're such a bad boy" Hannibal growled so quietly and deep Will didn't know how to feel, but went with his more immediate response to the words. "Prove it." He simply challenged. The look in Hannibal's eyes was so devastatingly raw Will felt like he would come just upon seeing that. But Hannibal wouldn't allow it.

Lips crashed together swiftly as Hannibal pinned Will down, wet sweetness from both their mouths slicking their lips. Hannibal trailed his kisses to Will's neck, biting and sucking roughly, Will knowing he'd have bruises but he was okay with it because he wanted it, he loved it.

Hannibal's mouth came down on his skin briskly, grazing his flesh roughly, enough to draw thin traces of blood, accompanied by slow drags of the older man's tongue across the exposed wounds. Will brought Hannibal up to meet his lips and they nearly viciously slotted their mouths together. Hannibal pulled away, a thin line a saliva mixed with small traces of blood connected them, then breaking as Hannibal reached for the bottle of lubricant he kept on his nightstand. Hannibal kept dangerous eye contact with Will as he wet his fingers with the warming liquid, then gently rubbing Will's opening until he spread his legs wide for him. No matter how caught up they got, Hannibal always made sure to take his time here, never wanting to hurt his precious Will.

Will could only gasp as Hannibal relentlessly prodded the tense bundle of nerves inside of him. The older man slipped in another finger, then another, preparing Will for what was to come. After Hannibal was satisfied with the preparation, he roughly grabbed Will's wrists, which were clung to his neck, his hands pulled at his hair, and pinned him back on the bed.

Hannibal always entered slow, to let Will get comfortable before going a certain pace. Tonight he went harder than he ever has, with every thrust, he would tell Will things to make his body shiver and shake more than it already was. Will began moaning so loud it was only screams of ecstasy that came out of Will's pretty mouth. "Hannibal!!! Hanni-OHH Hannibal!" The older man hit his prostate every time, angling his body so he would hit it the deepest way

possible. The only things that came out of the younger man's mouth were incoherent screams that were either a plea for death or release.

Hannibal went with the latter.

Grabbing Will's aching cock, Hannibal gliding his grip on it horrifically slow until Will had tears in the corners of his eyes, not from pain, begging for Hannibal to let him come. "Hannibal please!! Please Hannibal I'll do anything!" Hannibal stored that away to remember later, right now he had other things to attend to. Hannibal's grip tightening and so did Will around Hannibal's pulsing length. Hannibal thrust deeply and faster, simultaneously pumping Will until a white shower sprayed across the young man's stomach. Hannibal took the opportunity of Will's coming and the younger's please, "Hannibal come! Please oh Hannibal!"

Will's vision blackened, his hearing impaired by the rushing of blood so he could not hear anything but his rapid pulse, his body tensed and tightened strictly around Hannibal as he pounded deeply, Will's prostate until the young man was a liquid puddle of release under him. Hannibal continued his relentless thrusting until he spent himself onto Will's stomach, his cock shooting out glistening white droplets onto Will's sweaty stomach and chest. Hannibal continued pumping himself and Will until he was sure they were both well and done.

The older man collapsed beside his lover. Both of them breathing alarmingly fast, their pulses threatening to jump out of their bodies. Will slowly came to, from the blanket of ecstasy he was wrapped in. They were both still breathing hard when they looked at each other.

Hannibal's normally tidy hair now stuck up from sweat and pulling by Will's hands, his face a look of glowing pure bliss, any tension in his eyes from frustration before now gone and testified by the white pearls on Will's stomach. The younger man, too, had hair that stood up almost comically, curling more by the sweat, his face a bright glow, cheeks slightly pink, like they always were after they made love.

Will was always the first to smile, then that tiny little laugh, almost too quiet to register as a laugh, "We've made quite the mess." his voice cracked, glazed with exhaustion and thick from the post orgasm phase. Hannibal smiled his genuine smiles he reserved for Will and Will only, "Yes, it would seem we have." a content sight escaped his lips as he stood up to offer his hand to Will. "Let us shower then." He said happily, Will gratefully accepting the hand, knowing he wouldn't be able to walk any right now.

Hannibal helped the younger man into the shower, both of them washing off the sweat and come on Will's body. Hannibal washed Will's hair and his own, having Will lean back against him under the falling water as he did so. Any other time they would have already been up to it again, but they were both so tired and content with their bodies they only chastely cleaned each other, placing soft kisses on each other's lips. They both were ready to get out and sleep, so Hannibal turned the water off after they had both thoroughly cleaned themselves. Will could still barely stand, Hannibal felt slightly guilty, but Will assured him he loved it by showering him in kisses and letting him know through his soft tired words.

Despite being beyond ready to lay down, Hannibal insisted on drying Will's hair, the unruly curls, if gone undried, would cause the young man to catch a cold. So Hannibal took his time

fluffing Will's hair, as the young man sat on the counter of the large vanity. He closed his eyes as Hannibal ran his fingers through the silken locks. Will heard the dryer go off, but Hannibal hadn't said anything. When he opened his eyes he met Hannibal's gaze, just staring at him. "What?" Will asked softly, face still glowing. "I love you dear." Hannibal replied, kissing his lips gently. Will grinned wide, "I love you too, Hanni." Hannibal opened his arms for Will to hold onto him, which the younger man gladly wrapped his arms around Hannibal and allowed himself to be carried through the door to the bed.

Will could already feel the skin on his neck becoming tender, but he didn't care. He loved everything just the way it was. Hannibal laid in right beside him, the young man becoming enveloped in his warm embrace. Feeling safe, feeling warm, feeling loved. Soft blankets covered them both as Hannibal wrapped them together in the high thread count blankets. "Goodnight my love, you're such a good boy." Hannibal whispered, his naked body conforming to Will's equally naked body perfectly. "Goodnight baby, prove it" Will softly cooed with a weak smile, already slipping into sleep. Hannibal began to drift off to sleep with a smile on his face, he thought he heard something down stairs, a rustling maybe, but he was already too tired and too comfortable to check.

Chapter End Notes

oooh dang son wonder what that rustling was... ;D

A Cannibal's Patience pt.1

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's patience is tested [A two part chapter (but still more chapters to come :D)]

You're all still wonderfully fantastic!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dark eyes stuttered open, inhaling through his nose the unmistakable scent of Will. Hannibal always woke before Will, even when Will had nightmares (which weren't often in Hannibal's arms) the older man somehow sensed the change in his breathing through his own sleep. Hannibal shut his eyes again, carefully tucking his head into Will's neck, softly nuzzling his love, not waking him. Hannibal briefly thought about waking Will, by covering him in kisses, then carrying into other things to take care of both their arousals, but that little fantasy flickered away quickly when he heard tiny yelps from an animal downstairs. Hannibal's senses turned predatory when he sensed something downstairs, but he sighed remembering Lion.

That sigh quickly turned into a horrifying intake of breath when the older man remembered the food that had been left on the table during last night's events. He quickly unlatched himself from his precious boy and nearly jumped out of bed, scrambling to his drawers to put on a pair of boxers. He all but ran down the stairs, not paying attention to if his actions woke Will or not.

!~!*!~!

Will stirred awake, his eyes lazily blinking open, his entire backside suddenly cold. He turned over to feel for Hannibal, his neck feeling tender and rough from the bites last night, but he wasn't there. Will was confused until he heard pitter patter downstairs, followed by heavy steps, it sounded like Hannibal was running, chasing something.

Oh no.

Oh no oh no oh no Lion!

Will immediately jumped out of bed, grabbing a pair of his own boxers and running down stairs as fast as he could. "Hannibal!" Will tried yelling, though he doubt the man heard him. Hannibal was running out of the kitchen chasing Lion, who was also running, carrying in his mouth Will's pajama bottoms from last night. Will looked around the kitchen, realizing Lion must have jumped up on the table because all the food was scattered and smeared, mushy

fruit and chocolate all over the floor, tracking everywhere by tiny paw prints. Hannibal's kitchen was wrecked. Will suddenly felt guilty.

He scurried into the living room and saw Hannibal cornering a frightened looking Lion. Even Will was a little worried about what Hannibal would do if he got his hands on the pup. The dog wrestled under the pajamas in the corner, trying to hide from Hannibal as the older man, a glaring look on his sharp features, approached. Will quickly slipped up behind Hannibal and wrapped his arms around his lover, and gently began rubbing his bare stomach. "Hanni, it's okay I'll clean it up, he's just a puppy love." Will buried his face against the older man's back, continuing stroking his stomach and up to his chest. Will desperately hoped Hannibal would calm down.

Lecter must have sensed the fear in Will, or maybe feeling Will's hands around him really did calm him down, either way, he took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, letting himself be pet by his lover. They stood like that for some moments, Will was thankful the dog was still hiding, he needed Hannibal to calm down. "I'm sorry for waking you William, but your animal has caused quite a mess. I think I will have to call a service to have my kitchen cleaned." Hannibal said coldly, but Will knew the edges of his words were not as sharp as they sounded. Will smiled into the spine of the older man, leaving a soft kiss there. "Okay, we'll call someone and go out today...with our puppy." The younger man sighed, then stepped in front of Hannibal to get to Lion.

Hannibal rolled his eyes, not looking forward to having to spend a day away from his house while others were in his home, cleaning the messes of Will's dog.

But affection did spark again in Hannibal's eyes, replacing the thought of taking Lion back and telling Will the pup ran away, instead he nearly melted at how much Will looked at the little pup with care.

Will bent down to slowly pull away the black silken pajamas, inadvertently giving Hannibal a perfect view of his wonderfully rounded rump, showing tiny red marks all over his back and legs from their previous night. Hannibal had to fight back down his desire.

The younger man gently picked up Lion, the oversized pup all but jumping into his arms. Will decided to sit down and lean against the wall, to ease Lion's fright. He pet the dog and gave it eskimo kisses, nuzzling his own head of curls against the puppy's. The older man briefly felt jealous with how much Will snuggled with the animal. Will looked up to his lover, "Can we go to the park Hanni?"

And how could he refuse.

Chapter End Notes

I just really like cuddles and stuff with these two

A Cannibal's Patience pt. 2

Chapter Notes

Kind of depressed writing this chapter, so sorry if it's a roller coaster of emotions, I just like exploring twists and turns

After calls had been made to have someone hired to clean the spacious kitchen, and after both Hannibal and Will were dressed, the couple and their pup headed to the park.

Will thought Hannibal was going to just die at the idea of having Lion in his always pristine car, but the older man only said quiet...and only because he was biting his tongue. The ride to the park was uncommonly quiet, except for the tiny yelps coming from the dog, and Will tactfully shhshing the animal as if it understood.

Even when they arrived at their destination Hannibal wouldn't speak. Will knew Hannibal would stay quiet the rest of the day, whether out of punishment or stubbornness however, he wasn't sure. Will sighed. He wished Hannibal wouldn't stay so quiet, he needed his lover to talk to. But if he didn't want to try, Will wouldn't make him.

!~!*!~!

The day was excruciatingly quiet. No one was in the park on a Sunday, and Hannibal didn't even join Will in running around and playing and [attempting] to train Lion. He only watched from a bench. Will was tired of Hannibal acting like that. He attached a running leash he had brought with them to the pup's collar, and tied it to a nearby bench. He walked over to Hannibal, the older man seemingly ignoring the boy.

"Hey Hanni" Will said softly, trying for his love's attention. But to no avail. "Hanni..." Will tried again, rubbing his hand on the older man's upper arm. "Come on baby, play on the swings with me" Will wanted Hannibal to at least look at him. Which he got. Hannibal turned to the younger man, his face solid and void of emotion. "No William, I am not a child, I will not play with you." And that. That hurt Will. Not simply Hannibal not wanting to play with him, but how he said it, cold and venomously. "Hannibal it was just a mess, puppies do that, please stop acting like that." Will plead, but his desperate attempt to soften Hannibal only earned him a glare. The young man sighed defeatedly. Hannibal was going to be like that.

Will stared at him a moment longer, but Hannibal had already went back to staring at nothing particular in the distance. Why did he act so childish about his kitchen? Will sluggishly trailed back to Lion, untying the leash and walking back to Hannibal, signaling he was ready to go. The cleaners would be gone by now anyhow.

!~!*!~!

Another quiet car ride. Lion had even gone to sleep. Will couldn't get Hannibal to talk to him.

When they finally got home Hannibal went in without a word to Will, not even opening his door like he normally would for the young man. Will followed, his spirits low, even Lion seemed particularly quieted. The older man took the bill left for him on the counter, then inspected the kitchen, making sure everything was clean and in place, then he checked other rooms to make sure no one went around snooping while they were gone. All was clear.

!~!*!~!

Will was really bothered by Hannibal not even acknowledging him. It really made him feel bad. As Hannibal was cooking dinner, he sat in the living room with Lion thinking about why Hannibal had reacted in such a way.

Everything had a place, in Hannibal's eyes.

If something was out of order, or messy, it sent Hannibal on the fritz. It made the man ill. His kitchen was a sacred place. It was the only escape he's ever had. It was the place he justified his crimes, the place that would never fall to human dysfunction.

Will sighed when Hannibal appeared in the doorway without word, symbolizing dinner was served.

Will understood Hannibal's pain, his empathy never truly turned off. Will tried to offer a smile, showing that he understood, but Hannibal was already back in the kitchen.

Will leaned his head on the couch briefly and sighed deeply. He really must have hit a nerve with Hannibal today and his kitchen. But how could have he helped it?

!~!*!~!

Dinner was unpleasantly quiet. Hannibal ate as if Will wasn't even there, and only glared in Will's direction if Lion entered his sanctuary. Will finished quickly, annoying Hannibal because he didn't savor it, but he figured he should keep the puppy out of Hannibal's fortress instead of risking further damage to Hannibal's frayed nerves.

!~!*!~!

"Hey Hannibal," Will softly spoke, walking behind Hannibal. It was now 10 pm and Lion was fed and sleeping on his make shift blanket bed in the living room. Hannibal was on the couch in his study, reading on his iPad. "I, um, I know your kitchen is important to you, and I know you like order and neatness and I'm sorry about Lion making a mess. I didn't mean for that to happen. It won't happen again...I love you," a pause, "goodnight." Will finished weakly. Hannibal stopped reading when Will had walked in, but remained silent. He didn't turn around to acknowledge the boy. His boy. Guilt dawned on him. It was irrational to be annoyed at the pup, and annoyed at Will for loving it. Hannibal sighed, putting away his device. He hardly ever acted so...mean. He hated himself for how he treated Will today.

The older man got up and walked through the house, turning off lights on his way to bed. He needed to make up his behavior to his precious William. He passed the living room and glanced in the direction of the animal, seeing Will had put up a barrier between the pup and

the doorway of the room. He really did mean that it wouldn't happen again. Hannibal's heart weighed down even more.

When he entered their dark bedroom he saw Will seemed to already be asleep, clothed in pajamas and a t shirt. Hannibal quietly stripped his clothes except for his boxers and crawled in beside Will. "I'm so sorry," He quietly whispered into Will's hair, "I love you so much. I was being a child." Hannibal finished, closing his eyes and wrapping his arms around his sweet boy.

"It's okay Hanni, I'll always love you no matter what." Will faintly whispered a moment later. Hannibal's heart fluttered. He nuzzled his head into the back of Will's neck. He slowly drifted to sleep, knowing he had been forgiven. He decided just as he began to slip into the warm embrace of sleep, that he would make it up to his darling in every way possible. Even if that meant bonding with an animal.

Work

Chapter Summary

Will gets a call from Jack, never good news.

Chapter Notes

Guys, thanks for your feedbacks! Open to all peeps with comments whether it's hate or love, you're all marvelous

Hannibal woke up first, but Will followed quickly. "Hello?" Will asked through his previously ringing phone. His voice soft and raspy from tiredness. Hannibal glanced at his alarm clock. 5:22. A sigh from Will. "Okay, okay, I'll be there as soon as I can." Will hung up his phone and began to snake out of bed. But Hannibal tightened his arm around him, to pull him back into their embrace. "It was Jack." Will cringed. "Tell him you're sick." Hannibal mumbled, sleepy but not wanting Will to go. The boy released a small chuckle, but sighed, "A little too late love." Hannibal only nuzzled into his neck again, leaving small kisses, tickling Will's sensitive skin. Through laughs Will managed, "Hanni-, Hannibal I have to go babe." Hannibal grumbled into Will's neck. "Call me when you can." The older man said, not really asking. Will smiled and told him he would. As he got out of bed he kissed his already falling asleep again lover's cheek.

Will took a quick shower and got dressed. Hannibal usually would be up with Will, but yesterday was draining for him. "I love you" Will heard his half sleeping lover say. "I love you too Hannibal." Will smiled as he said it. It felt good to say it. But for some reason, Will felt strange saying it, and how he said it. As if he wouldn't be able to ever say it again. Will shook off the thought. He was just tired.

As he went out the door he pet Lion, who was still sleeping, and refilled his water and food bowl, because he knew Hannibal wouldn't want to even touch the animal.

!~!*!~!

By the time Will got out of his car, he wasn't even fully sure if he was completely awake yet, and his body ached from the two hour drive. "Ah, Will, just in time." Jack boomed as he walked toward the scene. Jack's happy voice off put him, especially upon entering the house.

Will didn't know whether to marvel or throw up at the sight. And his empath skills only made things worse, fighting at his brain to take over him. To let him be consumed.

On my throne of bones I sit
From the cup of blood I sip
Off the scroll of skin
I've writ
You become me
I become you
You took from me
I make use of you
This Is My Design.

Will opened his eyes, and he was no longer sitting on the throne in front of him. He turned to look at Jack, but the man must have become bored with watching Will, so he was outside talking to the local police force. That's when Will suddenly felt a hand over his mouth, and a large presence behind him.

He fought to kick and scream to get someone's attention, but nothing got through. As Will's consciousness began to slip from him, he briefly thought it was the stag taking hold of him. But Hannibal had cured him of those hallucinations. It wasn't the stag Will told himself as he felt his lungs constrict. He managed to twist enough to see who his attacker was, the sight alone would have made him faint, but the lack of oxygen was doing a good job alone. This isn't real. Will kept telling himself. But it was. The antlers were real. The fur was real. But it was human. Will's last thoughts as he felt his body being dragged away, no one the wiser outside, was that he'd never see Hannibal again.

He would be found among the bones of the throne.

Blood On His Mind

Chapter Summary

When Hannibal hears the news

[chapters may be short but I'll try to make them frequent, idek, i think i have a fetish with stories leaving you hanging ;~;

Chapter Notes

You guyyys, when y'all leave comments it inspires me to keep going, feel free to give any pointers on writing. I'd love to know everyone's opinions :)

"Doctor Lecter you should come down here, and quick." Jack's voice did not carry it's usual guilt-free tone. Hannibal knew something was wrong. "What has happened?" The doctor immediately asked, already grabbing his coat and going to his car. "We- ah, well I think it'd be best to explain everything when you get here. Just be here soon." Jack hung up. Rude. But Hannibal did not have time to think about Jack's inadequate conversating. He knew something was wrong. Will must have had a panic attack or something to the effect.

But once he arrived on scene, he learned it was something far worse.

!~!*!~!

Will came to in a dark room. The only thing he could see was a red blinking light on what he assumed to be a door. Where were his clothes? He only felt his underwear on his body. It's so cold in here. He hissed as he tried to bring his hands in front of him. The ropes binding his hands attached something above him on the damp wall stung and felt like they had tore into his skin. He tried to move to relieve the pressure on his wrists, only finding that his legs were tied down. How long had he been here?

Suddenly, the blinking light turned a solid red, and what sounded like locks began clicking undone. Someone came in the room, and a light was flickered on. His nightmare is real. His nightmare is here.

!~!*!~!

"Did he say anything about this killer after he analyzed?" Hannibal asked Jack hurriedly, but tried to remain calm. Being anxious would not help them find Will any faster. But he couldn't

help but feel so nervous with the note that was left:

"Thank you for the toy"

Fragile Existence

Chapter Summary

This moves fast, and there is implied rape (not by Hannibal) so this chapter may be kinda dark, fair warning. Also- next chapter will be a bit dark too, just assessing everything, but I promise on the last pack of ramen noodles in my cabinet that there will be fluff for all you lovelies

Chapter Notes

Again y'all, thanks for the feedback, it's really motivational to hear you guys like it :)

Will can't think to breath. He tries, but only short gasps come out, as if his own body is refusing the air he so desperately needs. "No, no you're not real!" Will yells, though it comes out broken and crackling from his thirst. He still is bounded, but he tries to shy away as the figure approaches. With the dull clinical light on, Will notices things, that calm his nerves, but only for a fleeting moment. The antlers adorning his captive's head disappear as he gets closer. Will's breaths turn shallow and wretched. As the man comes nearer, Will notices his face, burnt and scarred in the most horrific of ways, but when his eyes glance into the pale orbs sunken into the man, his empathy clicks on immediately. Just as he begins to disassociate, to feel himself leave himself, he feels a sharp pain in his ribs, his mind briefly registers the kick, just enough to hear a crack, but the other kicks aren't felt, as Will loses himself into seeing the world as his captor.

He was in hell. Burning. Alone. Abandoned. There is no escape. There is no love. There is nothing to own. I am worthless. They are worthless. I'll ease their pain. This is my design.

!~!*!~!

Hannibal barely contains the shaking fury deep in his bones as Jack pulled the team together. Apparently there had been an eye witness, but the person who saw what had happened fled the scene. This person could be vital to Will's life. It was already 11:23 pm, so Crawford decided to call it a night. Hannibal, outraged, but remained calm as he insisted they press on. "Will is strong, we'll find him, I know him, I know he'll manage to stay alive." Jack told Hannibal, giving him a pat on the shoulder. If not for everyone else in the room Hannibal would have slit the man's throat then and there. How dare he say that. Will is strong, yes, but he's also fragile, and Hannibal is his anchor, without him there to keep him steady, they boy's fragile existence may just crumble before they find the man responsible. No. Hannibal thought firmly. 'I will find him. I will find him.' He kept repeating to himself. He got in his

car, his stomach clawing to climb up his throat, he felt so sick, his Will, his poor lovely Will...Hannibal let the rage fester, but tucked it away. He wasn't stupid, he'd need to get sleep just like everybody else to be ready for tomorrow. It would be hard to sleep tonight however. No doubt.

!~!*!~!

"Please, please stop!" Will felt himself yelling, but he couldn't figure out why. He saw what the man was doing to him, but his mind hadn't quite come out of the other's head. Then it all hit him. Faster than anything ever. He was back in his own mind, and his own bloody and bruised body now. "NO!" The shockingly strong man yelled from his medium frame. "I'm helping you! Sh...just close your eyes it will be over soon" The man sickeningly spat. Will received another kick, to the head. The man unlocked his arms, only to flatten him on his stomach, Will heard the man's pants come unzipped behind him. He tried to hard to get away, but only received another swift, deafening kick to the side of his head. Then he felt his arms once again restrained, but to latches on the floor this time. Will knew they must be in the woods, because his screams were too loud that night for someone not to hear him if they were around any other homes, or buildings, or whatever this hell was.

!~!*!~!

Hannibal arrived home, feeling empty, and even to sick to eat, but forced himself to. He heard a faint noise, and remembered the dog. His face softened. The pup Will loved and cared so much for. If- No. When. When Will was rescued, he might never forgive Hannibal if he didn't take care of the thing. He got up with a groan and opened the make shift barrier Will had put up just the night before. The pup immediately ran past Hannibal and to where the food was coming from. One glance showed the empty, turned over bowls of the dog, with a sigh Hannibal set the remainder of his plate in the floor for the animal. He went straight to bed, feeling sick still, and worried to absolute death.

He woke up on and off through the night. Reaching out each time to feel for Will, and then being pulled back to reality, and letting the sickness rock him back to sleep.

!~!*!~!

Three weeks. Three weeks had passed since Will was abducted. Hannibal hadn't even killed any. He stayed preoccupied with trying to find his beloved. Hannibal had turned into a stone to everyone else. He stayed nearly all night and day at the bureau, helping where he could, and following each move and thought anyone had to Will's whereabouts. But nothing. Hannibal sat on the floor of his kitchen. His mind was blank, all he could think about was Will, and if he'd ever see him again. Rage tore his insides apart, he had killed Will's captive a million times in his head, but reality far outweighed his headspace at the moments. Only images of his hurt boy splayed on his mind. He didn't eat much for the past few weeks. The stress made him put food away whenever he thought of making it. But he forced himself to tonight. He sat on his floor eating a plate of, he didn't even know, didn't care right now. Lion, ever growing, sat beside him obediently, the pup knew something was wrong. And sensed his other master gone. Hannibal let his hand rest on the dog's back, as he let it finish the res of his food.

His phone rang. It was nearly midnight, but it was Jack. Hannibal answered, a thought in the back of his mind that Will could be dead nearly made him throw up, but held it down. "Dr. Lecter! We know where Will is." Hannibal stopped breathing for a moment. But then, quickly up on his feet, already getting his jacket questioned. Jack told him where the raid was going to be, Hannibal was not familiar with the area, but got there easy enough.

It took all his power not to barge into the tiny cabin himself. But the swat team was already surrounding. Jack waited, Hannibal grew impatient. All of the sudden a loud, ripping scream tore from somewhere in the place. Hannibal knew that scream. But it wasn't in ecstasy as he was used to hearing it. No. This was fear. Pain. This was his precious boy being hurt. The swat team immediately moved in, and so did Hannibal. Jack Crawford yelled for him to get back, but Hannibal did not listen. He ran in quickly behind the armored team. They ran straight down to the basement where the screams continued. Before Hannibal could assess the scene around him, another door was kicked open and a shot was immediately fired. Before Hannibal could run in to see what had happened the members of the team, both swat and Jack's rushing in team restrained him. They highly underestimated the psychiatrist's strength because he easily tore away from him. Three members of the swat team grabbed him and held him back from entering. Jack entered and quickly called in the paramedics. "Jack." Hannibal said in a deathly low voice the the man, Crawford considered, then quickly , "Dr. Lecter, Will need serious medical attention." Hannibal quickly put in, "I was an ER doctor Jack, tell these men to let me go or consequences will be suffered." Everyone froze at the growl emitting from Hannibal's mouth. Jack paused, then looked into the room. "Let him go." Jack told the men. As quick as he wasn't held back Lecter ran into the room, then nearly froze at the sight. He could barely recognize Will, but he knew it was him.

He felt his heart shatter into a million stone pieces as he dazedly approached the slumped, motionless, bloody on the dirty floor. The paramedics came in quickly behind him. Hannibal quickly went into doctor mode. It would do Will no good if he didn't at least try to save the boy.

Hannibal and one of the responders turned Will's naked body over, as the other prepared the ambulance out front.

Will laid in a large puddle of his own vomit and blood and fluids. Hannibal did not care. The older man picked him up and strode out of the room, just then noticing another figure slumped in the corner, dead, judging by the hole in the back of his head. Hannibal would have torn apart the lifeless body if not for Will in his arms. As he ran out of the cabin to the ambulance he felt for a pulse. It was weak but there.

Will's body was strapped down and immediately assessed and IVs were attached. Hannibal held Will's hand, even though the boy's fingers were cold and unmoving or registering in his own.

Fix Me

Chapter Summary

Will is broken, but Hannibal knows he is strong

Also this chapter sucks majorly I'm so sorry ;~;

Chapter Notes

Ily lil' derps :3

Will became suddenly aware of his existence, if that's what you could call it. He didn't open his eyes though, he let his other senses register the situation first.

He was in a bed, not Hannibal's, but rather a stiff mattress with itchy blankets.

He felt his torso was wrapped in an equally itchy cloth strip.

His right leg felt heavy and mildly tingled, but nothing much else to it.

He felt other strips of what he presumed was gauze on his body.

He heard sharp sounds somewhere in the distance, but muffled.

His right hand was warmer than his left, and a steady pressure was there. It felt like Hannibal's hand on his.

He kept his eyes closed as he let the memory flood to him. How he had been held captive for weeks, how he had been humiliated in the most raw of ways, how he cried out for Hannibal with every beating, only to be disappointed when no one came.

But he was somewhere safe now. A hospital maybe? Yes, a hospital. The air was stiff and filled with undertones of sickness.

He didn't understand it all, and was confused unimaginably- but he knew he was safe, if Hannibal's presence was any guide. And it was.

Slowly he let his eyes squint open. They felt heavy, and his peripheral picked up small sights of swollen flesh on his face. He must have black eyes, he thought. The next thing he saw was a tube connected by a needle in his arm. He figured that's why he wasn't feeling any particular pain. Then his eyes rested on a safe sight, a sight he wanted to bury himself into and never look away. Hannibal, his love, his life, sleeping lightly beside him in a chair, firm hands pressed gently to his.

Will felt more comfort wash over him as he gazed on Hannibal. The older man seemed to sense Will's awakened state, because he sat up straight, sleep vanishing from his eyes. The doctor smiled at his Will, after three weeks, three terrible weeks, everything was back to normal, or at least as much as they could be.

Will wanted to smile but he couldn't bring himself to. A wave of emotion coursed through his veins.

Tears began to form in his storm grey eyes. He couldn't stop them falling, he tried to focus on the good in his life with Hannibal, but all that reached his brain was the memory of the cabin, and what he had been through.

"Oh Will," Hannibal soothed, standing up and leaning over the boy, carefully wrapping his arms around his broken frame. "Shhh, it's alright now, it's okay, I'm here." Hannibal gently affirmed in the younger's ear. "Hanni-Hannibal," Will's voice trembled with his tears, "I- I can't, I'm not, I, I can't deal with this," Will continued, sobbing vehemently. Hannibal tried soothing again, "Shh, yes you can William, you're strong, and I am your anchor, I am here, I am yours." The older man whispered, holding Will close to his chest where he stood leaning. Will stayed crying on Hannibal's chest for a while, letting out his energy and emotion. He told Hannibal about how scared he was, about the beatings he took, about the sexual abuse. Hannibal felt his blood boil deep in his body. He wished Will's captive would have lived, just so Hannibal could hunt him down and make him suffer for hurting his Will.

It took nearly an hour to calm Will into quiet tears, Hannibal wanted so bad to lift Will up into his arms and hold him, and take his pain away, but he knew Will's injuries would prevent that. "Will, Will you please take me home Hanni?" Will asked quietly, his voice soft and muffled in the doctor's chest. Hannibal wanted to melt at the words, just give in and say yes. But as he gazed over Will's bruised, broken body, he knew he couldn't just take him home. But then big water eyes silently looked up, begging him. Hannibal knew it would be hard to convince the doctors to let him take Will home, but he just couldn't say no to his darling boy.

!~!*!~!

Hannibal pulled into the yard, glancing over at Will's sleeping form. Hannibal thought briefly how he was to get Will comfortable tonight with broken ribs and leg, and many wounds. Hannibal decided that since Will seemed to be resting right now, he'd go ahead and try to fix something up for the boy. The doctor carefully went to Will's side of the car and lifted him out gently so he wouldn't wake. He quickly went into the house and sat Will's still sleeping body on the couch in the living room. After making sure the younger man was still steadily sleeping, he went upstairs to the bedroom.

Hannibal pulled out an extra duvet and laid it on the bed, on the mattress to make it softer for Will. He then retrieved large soft body pillows and placed them on the bed, in an encircling cushioned way. Hannibal patted the patiently waiting head of Lion as he left the room. He couldn't believe he let the animal sleep in his own room, but he had proved to be a slight comfort during the weeks, a line to hold onto that Will would make it, that Will would be able to return back to him and his precious pup. Hannibal thought, as he went back down the

stairs, to make food for Will and himself, but decided against it, deeming it could wait until the morning.

"Will, Will, love, wake up." Hannibal gently shook Will's shoulders. The young man stirred awake, thankful for the pain pills he had been given as they left. He was momentarily confused, until it all rushed back again. The look of pain must have showed on his face because Hannibal quickly cooed him down from the memories. "Will, it's okay my dear." Will buried his face into Hannibal's chest, the older man wanted to stay like that, but knew it would do Will good to rest in a soft bed. "I've made up the bed for you love, come, let's sleep for the night." Will stood up shakily, awkwardly shuffling on his good leg towards the stairs. Hannibal suppressed his smile. "Let me help you dear." Then Hannibal's strong arms cradled Will, walking up the stairs.

"Lion!" Will gasped, then winced at the pain in his abdomen. "Easy love," Hannibal soothed. He laid the young man in the bed, elevating the casted leg, and gently tucking soft pillows into his sides for cushioning. He sighed multiple times before Hannibal laid in beside him. Lion jumped onto the bed, but before Hannibal could go back to despising the animal, he heard Will give a gentle chuckle. "Come here boy." Will softly giggled as Lion licked his face, Hannibal holding the dog's collar so it wouldn't jump on him. "Off," Hannibal instructed the dog, which obeyed. "Sorry Will, but you need rest tonight. I promise tomorrow you can do anything and everything you want." Will grinned as he felt Lion's fur under his palm off the side of the bed. "Not like this Hanni..." Hannibal gave a confused stare in the dark, and then realization. "Oh you naughty naughty boy." Hannibal smiled, kissing Will's soft lips. "I love you Hanni." "And I love you sweetheart."

The Adventure Is Your's and Mine Today

Chapter Notes

supe short, i'm sorry, i know this blows but i just really like fluff. ideas would be greatly appreciated because i have no clue where this is going

"Will, Will wake up dear, it's nearly 12 noon." Hannibal's voice was awake, and he was already dressed in a three piece suit. "No." Will simply groaned as he began to roll over into the pillow, only to cringe with pain.

"Oh Will," Hannibal said, rolling his lover back over gently, "if you get up you may take Lion with us today." the older man offered generously. Will's ears perked. "Where are we going?" "Wherever you want to sweetheart."

Will thought for a few minutes. "Can we go to the lake?" Hannibal chuckled, "Yes, but it will be very cold." Will tiredly spoke into his pillow, dozing off again, "We'll bring blankets." Hannibal wanted to let Will sleep, but he knew his boy needed to get some fresh air and relax in other ways than sleeping.

"Come, Will." Hannibal half commanded as he pulled the covers off of the younger man. Will groaned but accepted Hannibal's help in getting out of bed. His leg throbbed and his abdomen felt wound up, but he just cringed and didn't say anything.

Almost as if Hannibal could read his mind, the older man exited the room then returned with two white pills and a glass of water. "Loratabs to ease the pain my dear." Will smiled gratefully and gulped them down, then took a swig of the water. He decided to push back the previous events, at least for today. He didn't want to think about a thing right now.

~

Hannibal was right, as always. It was extremely cold out side on the lake. But it was tolerable. Mainly because Hannibal made everything to good use.

He lifted up the back hatch of his SUV and folded down two rows of seats, leaving plenty of room to lay down on after they had been walking for about an hour, Will's leg beginning to hurt again.

Two more tabs.

Will felt himself dozing off under the weight of Hannibal's arm in his vehicle. The hatch was left open so they could just enjoy the view, but the frost could not permeate the warmth put off by Hannibal tucked closely beside him under a large blanket, and Lion tucked under his chin, sleeping himself. The dog was getting bigger, and softer. Hannibal couldn't help but

smile at Will's make-shift pillow. He had grown a fondness for the little thing. It was a part of Will, it was a part of him.

Hannibal knew Will would need to talk soon, but right now, he didn't want to press his lover. He only leaned down, placing a kiss on Will's forehead, the younger man's breath evening to sleep. Hannibal rested his head on Will's, and began making plans.

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